TO THE KING

AN ODE ON HIS MAJESTIE'S Arrival in Holland 1695.

By Mr. PRIOR.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut Modus
Tam Chari capitis? Hor.

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Gratis

TO THE KING

AN ODE &c.

ON MARY'S Tomb thrô rowling Years
The mournfull Graces all shall weep,
And with fresh Lamps and flowing Tears
The Virtues endleſs Vigils Keep.

For MARY diſtant Lands shall mourn
When late Records Her Deeds relate,
Ages to come, and Men unborn
Shall bleſs her Name, and ſigh her Fate.

Fair ALBION shall with watchfull Truſt
Her holy QUEEN'S ſad Reliques guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious Duſt,
To cloath it in it's full Reward.

But let the KING forſake his Woes,
Reflecting on his fair Renown;
And take the Cypreſs from his Brows,
To put his wonted Lawrells on.

The Lovely Dead whom He regrets
Can know no Fear, can feel no Grief:
The living World whom He forgets
Would perish without His Relief.

In vain the Britiſh Lyons roar,
Whilſt preſt by Grief their MONARCH ſtoops;
The Belgic Darts will wound no more,
If He whoſe Hand ſuſtain'd them droops:

Embattel'd Princes wait their Chief
Whoſe Voice ſhould rule, whoſe Arm ſhould lead,
And in Kind Murmurs chide that Grief
Which hinders EUROPE'S being freed.

The great Example they demand
Who ſtill to Conqueſt led the Way,
And wish Him preſent to command,
As They ſtand ready to obey.

They

They ſeek that Joy which us'd to glow
Expanded on the HEROE'S Face,
When the thick Squadrons preſt the Foe,
And WILLIAM led the glorious Chaſe.

Oh! give the mourning Nations joy,
Break forth, great Sun, with uſual Light:
And let thy ſtronger Beams deſtroy
Thoſe Clouds which keep Thee from our ſight.

Advance in thy Meridian Courſe,
And ſince thy MARY'S Light is gon,
Rejoyce the World with double Force,
Thy beams all fixt in Thee alone.

See, pious KING, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling ALBION'S Boſom torn,
So much She fears for WILLIAM'S Life,
That MARY'S Fate she dare not mourn.

Her fair Delight, her ſofter Half
Cold in the Grave with MARY lyes,
Unleſs in Thee her ſtrength is ſafe
The frighted Nation wholy dyes.

Thou, Guardian Angel, ſave our Land
From Thy own Grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leaſt rais'd and reſcue'd by thy Hand
She bend and ſink beneath thy Woe.

Her former Triumphs all are vain
Unleſs new Trophies ſtill be ſought;
And hoary Majeſty ſuſtain
The Battles which thy youth has fought.

Where now is BRITAIN'S fearfull Love
Which made Her hate the War's alarms?
Where that Exceſs with which She ſtrove
To keep her HEROE in her arms?

Whilſt ſtill She chid the coming Spring
Which call'd Thee o'er thy ſubject Seas,
Whilſt for the Safety of the KING
She wish'd the VICTOR'S Glory leſs?

'Tis gon, 'tis chang'd; ſad BRITAIN now
Haſtens her LORD to foreign Wars:
Happy if Toyls may break his Woe,
Or Danger may divert his Cares.

In Martial ſounds She drowns her Sighs,
Leaſt He the riſing Grief should hear.
She pulls her Helmet o'er her Eyes,
Leaſt He should ſee the falling Tear.

Go, Mighty Prince, let FRANCE be taught
How conſtant Minds by grief are try'd,
How great the Land that wept and fought,
When WILLIAM led and MARY dy'd.

Fierce in the Battle make it Known,
Where Death with all her Darts is ſeen,
That she could ſtrike Thy Heart with None,
But that with which She ſtrook the QUEEN.

Thy Virtue whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire Event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on it's deſtin'd courſe
Thô Death and Envy ſtop the way.

Envy shall calm, that uſeleſs Rage
By which Thy Glory brighter grows,
And Death Thy Sorrows to aſſwage
Shall turn her wrath, and wound Thy Foes.

BELGIA indulg'd her open Grief,
Whilſt yet her Maſter was not near,
She hated Hope, She ſcorn'd Relief,
And triumph'd Proud in full Deſpair.

Her echo'd Waylings pierc't the Skyes,
To Earth her bended Forehead bow'd,
The Tears unbounded from her Eyes
As Waters from her Sluces flow'd.

But ſoon as Thou her Lord return'd
Her head is rear'd, her Eyes are dry'd,
She ſmiles as WILLIAM ne'r had mourn'd,
She looks as MARY ne'r had dy'd

That Freedom which all Sorrows claim
She does for Thy Content reſign:
Her Piety it ſelf would blame,
If Her Regrets ſhould waken Thine.

Diſſembling Eaſe and forcing Joy
She begs her Lord his Tears to dry:
Did BELGIA e're her prayers employ,
And ORANGE ſtand regardleſs by?

To

To cure Thy Woes She shows thy Fame,
Leaſt the great Mourner should forget
That all the Race whence ORANGE came
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

WILLIAM his Country's Cauſe could fight,
And with His Blood it's Freedom Seal:
MAURICE and HENRY guard that Right
For which their pious Father fell.

A ſecond WILLIAM'S Bloom could tell
How Heroes riſe, how Patriots ſet:
As Theirs did Others deeds excell,
Excelling Theirs be Thine compleat.

The laſt fair Inſtance Thou muſt give
Whence NASSAW'S Virtue can be try'd;
And show the World that Thou can'ſt live
As glorious as Thy MARY dy'd.

That Thou can'ſt live for BELGIA'S ſake,
Pierc'd by her Griefs forget Thy own,
New Toyls endure, new Conqueſts make
To give Her Eaſe, thô Thou haſt None.

To Keep from treacherous Foes Her ſtore
Thô all Thy Wealth be robb'd by Death;
To vanquish, thô She lives no more
Whoſe Hands prepar'd the Victors Wreath.

Oh, could Thy Griefs obdurrate prove
To BELGIA'S Cries, to BRITAIN'S Fears,
Yet lett them yeild to MARY'S Love,
To NASSAW'S Glory joyn'd in Hers.

If MARY could ſo well command,
It was by long obying Thee;
Her Scepter guided by Thy Hand
Preſerv'd the Iſles and rul'd the Sea.

But oh! 'twas little that Her Life
Thy Fame o'er Earth and Water bears,
In Death 'twas worthy WILLIAM'S Wife
To Fix His Name amidſt the Stars.

Beyond where Matter moves, or Place
Receives it's Forms, Thy Virtues rowl:
From MARY'S Glories Angels trace
The Beauties of Her Part'ners Soul.

Wiſe

Wiſe Fate which does it's Heaven decree
To Heroes when They yeild their breath,
Haſtens Thy Triumphs, Half of Thee
Is deifie'd before Thy Death.

And to Thy Fame alone 'tis given
Unbounded thrô all Worlds to go,
Whilſt MARY reigns a Saint in Heaven,
And Thou a Demi-God below.

FINIS.